[Mrs Cornelia Barns Wilson]

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

A

COLLECTION

OF

Miscellaneous Poems.

G. WOODFALL, PRINTER,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

A

COLLECTION

OF

Miscellaneous Poems.

" Go—you may call it madness, folly—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy—
I would not, if I could, be gay!"—

ROGERS.

By Mr. Baron Wilson

LONDON:

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ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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PREFACE.

It will neither be deemed interesting or necessary, to enter into a detail of the "birth, parentage, and education," of the Author of the following Poems; since it cannot add to their merits, or extenuate their faults. A few of them have, at different times, appeared in the pages of a periodical publication. They are now presented to the Public in a collected form.

Though "Zelia" may be thought to bear some faint resemblance to one of those Poems which have so justly called

forth the admiration of the World, the Author cannot even be suspected of plagiarism, when it is stated, that the piece was written in 1812, long before the Poem alluded to was published. Little can be said of the other compositions: they are generally written under a fictitious character, and many of the woes described in "Melancholy Hours," exist *only* in the imagination of the Writer.—It is needless to say more on so trifling a subject;—into the hands of the Public the Volume is respectfully committed!—

London, 1816.

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lea but their certain motions and their sleep;
The rages of the Ocean have their slumbers
And quiet silver calms; each violence
Grows in the end a peace; but my fierce fires
Shall never, never rest!

TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Oh! Sleep! capricious wayward power,
That fly'st the gloomy couch of pain,
Thy lulling opiates round me shower,
Let me forget the world again!
Forget!—alas! this burning brain,
This beating heart can never rest;
Thou canst not bind them in thy chain,
Thou canst not heal a wounded breast!

The world is hush'd in calm repose,
And busy crowds are sunk to sleep:—
Now memory lingers on her woes—
The mourner starts—and wakes to weep!
I wake—a long—lone watch to keep
Through hours of darkness—nights of gloom;
When shall I sink worn out to sleep
Within the silent—peaceful tomb?

When shall I taste oblivion's stream,
And leave a world of woe and care?
When end life's long and troubled dream?
When cease to breathe, and to despair?
Sorrow alone has been the share
Allotted me through life's dull round;
Afflictions heavy, hard to bear—
And woes unnumber'd I have found!—

Oh! for the rest no care can break,
Where troubling dreams can never come;
Oh! for that sleep which none can wake,
Within the cold—but peaceful tomb!
For death presents no thoughts of gloom
To one whose heart is worn with care;
No! 'tis a kind, a joyful doom,
A welcome respite from despair!

Around my lone and silent grave,
No sable mourners shall appear;
The cypress in the wind shall wave
Its foliage dark around my bier;

I ask no eye to shed a tear—
'Tis all I ask to be at rest;——
None that I love now linger here,
And strangers' pity is but jest.

Unknown I've liv'd—unknown I'll die—
And quit this world of care and woe,
And none shall point to where I lie,
No busy hand my grave shall shew.
And she—so false—shall never know
Where rests the heart she would not save;
She—the fair cause of all my woe—
Shall never triumph o'er my grave!

——— there is an order
Of mortals on the Earth who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some lingering by pleasure, some by study—
Some worn out with toil — some of mere weariness
Some of disease — and some insanity —
And some of withered or of broken hearts.

Byron.

TO ROSA,

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

DEAR Rosa, on thy nuptial day,
(A day alas! full sad to me,)
Accept this trifling feeble lay,
A tribute due from Love to thee.

From Love—which ne'er will cease to hold
It's empire o'er this wretched heart,
Until its vital stream is cold,
And life shall from these limbs depart.

This breast with ardour still must burn,
'Till Death in mercy sets me free;
These eyes 'till closed by him will turn
Their fondest—latest glance on thee!

Yet think not I regret to know,
That B——— reigns within thy heart;
He was my earliest friend—but oh!
I little dream'd we thus should part!

No!—I'll not hate him—he is thine—
Thou lov'st him—and thy choice was free;—
When *thou* art blest—can *I* repine?——
I feel I ne'er was worthy thee.

Yes, Rosa, yes—this breaking heart,
Though now for ever robb'd of rest,
Without a sigh from thee can part,
Content to know—that thou art blest.

Oh! may a length of smiling years,
To thee by Providence be giv'n;———
With ev'ry joy that life endears,
Partaking less of earth than Heav'n.

May mem'ry's retrospective view
Deck all the past in brightest bloom,
And flatt'ring Hope be near to strew
Her fairy flow'rs on days to come.

And Rosa—though my aching breast
Distracting grief will ever tear;
My woes shall never break thy rest,
My Love, shall ne'er offend thine ear!

But—when the last—sad—sullen bell—
Marks my slow passage to the grave;—
Then, think on him who loved too well,
Then, pity him, thou would'st not save!

Then, give one sigh to him who ne'er
Through life can cease to sigh for thee;——
Who'll bless thee in the falt'ring pray'r,
Which sets his weary spirit free.

Oh! dare I hope one tender tear
From thee would mourn my hapless doom;
The thought would calm my sorrows here,
And smooth my passage to the tomb!

STANZAS.

MARK the beauteous open'ng flow'r,
Blushing in the sunny glade,
Child of Summer's transient hour,
Soon its glowing tints must fade.
And the days of Youth will vanish
Fleeter than the flow'ret's bloom;
Care and age we cannot banish,
They *must* lead us to the tomb.

What are all the joys and pleasures,
Which in this dull World we find?——
Empty visions, glitt'ring treasures,
Leaving nothing good behind.
Endless toils, and cares, and sorrow,
Meet us in Life's rugged way;
What a night!—if *never* morrow
Broke to shed a cheering ray!

See! the flow'r, which sun-beams cherish,
Pines away when Summer flies;———
All its beauties quickly perish,
With its tints, its perfume dies.—
Winter cannot last *for ever*,
Spring will soon resume its reign;
Dress the Earth in smiles, but never
Shall that flow'ret bloom again.

But the Soul, that's firm to duty,
'Midst this tide of human woe,
Blooms again, in greater beauty,
Than on Earth it ere could know;
Then the heart releas'd from sadness,
Smiles at ills, that wound no more;
Then the tear is chang'd to gladness,
Sorrow's transient reign is o'er.

FAREWELL

TO ———

FAREWELL !—we part to meet no more—
But this one pang, and all is past;—
The dreaded hour will soon be o'er,
And I shall look and love my last!
Shall love my *last?* ah! no, my heart
Tells me *that* hour can never come:—
My thoughts with thee can only part,
When they sink with me in the tomb!

Yet what avails it *now* to tell
How this sad, broken heart has loved?——
How fond, how faithfully, how well,——
How true to *thee* it would have proved!——
In secret I'll my griefs endure——
Thy morn of joy I'll not o'ercast
With woes that now can find no cure,
And which with life must soon be past!

STANZAS.

When the soft smiling visions of Youth have all faded,
And no object seems left our lone bosoms to cheer;
When the gay morn of life, clouds and darkness have shaded,
And the friends who once brighten'd our path disappear;
When Hope's transient beams have withdrawn their faint light,
And deception has shrouded our pleasures with sorrow;
Say, can the sad eye ever look through that night
To the day-star of Joy which may rise on the morrow?

Oh! yes! for the storms of vexation will cease,
And the dark clouds of sorrow will soon roll away;
Contentment will soothe our lone bosoms to peace,
And the warm sun of pleasure redouble his ray.
Then with patience oh! let us await his bright rising,
Convinced that though late, he must sometime appear;
Pursuing our way, life's light sorrows despising—
And trusting that smiles will soon follow the tear.

TO

A few brief years have wing'd their flight,
(Time on his circle never rests)
Since Friendship shed its hallow'd light,
Within our pure and artless breasts.

Our souls were then as free from guile,
As Heav'n's own peaceful vestal ray;
And underneath th' endearing smile,
Deception lurk'd not to betray.

We sought instruction from the sage,
And trod together Learning's bowers,
Sigh'd o'er the poet's melting page,
And cull'd the Muses' fairest flowers.

Early our sun of friendship rose,
  Oh! I had hoped (but that is past,)
Its evening beam would brightly close,
  And sweetly light us to the last!

These thoughts are o'er—too quickly fled
  The hope which cheer'd my early dreams;
I mourn thee—as I mourn the dead———
  For such to me thy mem'ry seems.

Around my unsuspecting heart,
  Thine image had so closely twin'd,
That when the links were torn apart,
  A dreary void was left behind.

And still within my lonely breast,—
  Though now the fond delusion's o'er;
The thought of thee must ever rest,——
  But this sad heart can trust no more.

TO FANCY.

Oh! Fancy, gentle power,
Thou com'st at midnight hour
To deck my aching brows with visions wild;
And through the gloom of night,
Thou shedd'st thy cheering light,
And often hast this heart of care and grief beguil'd.

Then let the tempest roar,
And heavy torrents pour,
With light'nings mixing in the affrighted sky;
Borne in thy magic car,
I leave their rage afar,
And dream of softer climes and brighter scenes on high!

I heed not the bleak wind,
Nor feel his rage unkind,
For sweetest visions bless my slumb'ring sense;
But ah! the sun's bright ray
Too soon awakes the day,
And calls those soothing airy phantoms hence!

Return oh! gentle night,
Soft Fancy, let thy light
Still shed its cheering flame to make me blest;
With *thee* I cannot part,
For ah! this tortur'd heart,
Bereft of thee has nought to soothe it into rest.

Bright Goddess! o'er my head,
And round my slumb'ring bed,
Still deign to strew thy rainbow-tinted flowers;
Long light with fairy beams,
Long bless with lovely dreams,
Thy youthful votary's lone and silent hours!

WRITTEN

AFTER RETURNING FROM A PARTY.

Now weary nature seeks repose,
And slumber sheds his balmy power;
Yet, ere these aching eye-lids close,
I'll dedicate one lonely hour
To muse on scenes to mem'ry dear,
While flows the unavailing tear.

An hour ago—the giddy smile
Illum'd my cheek—yet this sad heart,
A prey to inward woe the while,
But ill could act the trifler's part;
Though hid beneath a cheerful air,
None saw the workings of despair.—

'Tis true seducing pleasure's flush
  Oft lends my cheek a transient bloom;
'Tis like the rose's sickly blush,
  That withering decks some village tomb;
And to the passing eye looks gay—
  And smiles, while sinking in decay.

Shut from the world's inquiring eye,
  No gay intruder enters here—
To ridicule the rising sigh,
  Or chase with ill-tim'd mirth the tear;
Now happier bosoms sink to sleep
  Unseen—unheard—I steal to weep.

Ah! soon I feel, 'twill be my lot,
  ('Tis the best boon I *now* can crave,)
To sink unnotic'd—and forgot—
  Into the calm, and peaceful grave;
O let one friend *then* spare a tear,
  To consecrate my early bier.

WRITTEN

NEAR

THE GRAVE OF LAURA.

The yellow moon-beams coldly shine,
Upon yon lone and dreary bed;
No hallow'd tapers deck the shrine,
Where silent beauty rests her head.

The evening dew-drops gently weep
Upon the grave where Laura lies:
The redbreasts there sad vigils keep,
And Echo answers with her sighs.

No friends are seen to mark the spot,
Where beauty sleeps in cold decay;
By all the world she is forgot,
Forsaken by the grave and gay.

Yet Laura once, in pleasure's hour,
  Was follow'd by th' admiring throng;
All hearts confess'd the fair one's power,
  All own'd the magic of her song.

Her mind was pure as drops of light,
  That glitter in the sunny ray;
But ah! she fell from virtue's height,
  And from her precepts turn'd astray.

Deserted by her former friends,
  Grief nipp'd fair Laura's rising bloom;
The story of her sorrow ends
  Within yon lone forgotten tomb.

Ye fair ones! view the lonely spot,
  (For there no weeping mourners stray;)
And mark how soon are those forgot,
  Who have forsaken *Virtue's* way.

Go, haste to the deserted tomb,
  Where the remains of Laura lie;
Yet, tho' she merited her doom,
  View the cold turf with charity!

TO

A FRIEND,

WHO ASKED IF THE AUTHOR WROTE FOR FAME, OR AMUSEMENT.

'Tis not the flatt'rer's idle pen,
That makes me roam through fiction's bowers;
Nor yet the dull applause of men,
For which I cull bright fancy's flowers.

Ah! no! too early led astray—
By hope's seducing, sparkling beam;
I fondly thought the thorny way
Of life—would realize my dream!

'Twas hope—'twas pleasure lur'd me on—
Deceitful guides—they only lead
And point to where some phantom shone,
Then leave the weary heart to bleed.

And are they gone?—Oh! yes! long past
The gaudy dream of youth was o'er;—
And they have left me at the last,
A shipwreck on a desert shore.

Yet, yet, we love to cling to those
Who once have grac'd a brighter scene;
And ling'ring memory will repose
Upon the joys that once have been!

So, still I love the tuneful art,
As in those days when pleasure smil'd;
And yet it lives within my heart,
For Poetry is Fancy's child!

As thus I trace the winding maze,
Through Fancy's lab'rinth of delight;
Again I live o'er happier days,
And think on scenes that once were bright!

Then hail, sweet Poetry! to thee,
Since thou canst soothe one wretch's pain;
E'en *Critics* must with me agree,
Thy notes have not been wak'd in vain!

WRITTEN

DURING

A THUNDER STORM,

AT MIDNIGHT.

The thunder rolls—the world is hush'd in sleep,
Only the heavenly hosts their vigils keep;
Save where the guilty wretch upon his bed
Of care and anguish, lays his restless head,
And trembling shrinks—lest yonder cloud of gloom
Should burst upon his head—and seal his fatal doom!
Hark!—heard you not that sound sublimely roll,
Then die away, along the distant sky?
The noise that rent the air from pole to pole,
Now only murmurs like a heavy sigh.

Oh! what a solemn sound—the guilty breast
Shrinks back appall'd—where shall it comfort find?
The bosom scarce can hold its beating guest,
And all is silent horror in the mind.

How awful is this scene—the lightning's glare
Gives to the sable clouds a deeper gloom;
A moment all is still—the murky air
Is like the chaos of the dreary tomb.
The flash of heaven is brighter—hark! that peal
Returns with rage as it would wake the dead;
None now can sleep—e'en *innocence* must feel
At such an awful hour, a trembling dread.
The wretch who never bent the knee before
To Him who stretches his avenging rod;
In silent wonder must his power adore,
And in his troubled heart—*feels*—*owns*—there is a *God!*

ON WOMAN.

Without Woman our Infancy would be without succour, our Youth without pleasure, and our Age without consolation.

In infancy from Woman's breast,
We draw the food by nature giv'n;
She lulls our childish pangs to rest,
And cheers us as a beam from Heav'n!

When Woman smiles—she has the pow'r,
To heal our griefs, to calm our fears;
Should sickness wound, should fortune low'r,
She shares our sorrows, dries our tears!

And she can sooth the cares of age,
As rolls Time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
Or lull us with the magic song.

When stretch'd upon the bed of Death,
  Departing nature struggling lies;
At that dread pause, when the next breath
  May waft our spirit to the skies.—

When the soul views the narrow verge
  Close on the confines of the grave;—
And now it longs its flight to urge,
  Now wishes for an arm to save.—

Who cheers that dreary scene of woe?
  Who speaks of peace—and joy, and love?
Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—
  'Tis Woman—sent from Heav'n above!

'Tis she receives our parting sigh,—
  'Tis she who hears our latest breath;—
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,—
  And whispers peace and hope in death.

And when the mournful scene is past,
  'Tis *Woman* weeps upon our bier;—
Silent—yet long her sorrows last,—
  Unseen she sheds affection's tear!

On Earth she is the truest friend,
That is to man in mercy giv'n;
And when this fleeting life shall end
She'll live for purer joys in Heav'n!

Oh! Woman! Woman! thou art made
Like Heav'n's own pure and lovely light,
A sun to cheer life's desert shade,
And gild the gloom of sorrow's night.

Thou, thou, art life and all the
world to me,
All day I doat, all night I dream
of thee!

TO MEMORY.

HENCE, Memory, hence!—thy torturing power
Can never bring this bosom peace;
Can never cheer one lonely hour,
Or bid the throb of sorrow cease;—
Mem'ry! thy glass presents to me
No scenes save those of agony!

For ah! thou tell'st of woes gone by—
Of long lone days of care and sorrow;
And nights—in which this sleepless eye,
Ne'er wish'd to view another morrow;
Mem'ry! thy mirror shews to me
No scenes save those of misery!

Thou tell'st me too of Love's deceit,
And Friendship's vows, (remember'd never,)
Of Hope—that gay ideal cheat,—
Who first beguiles—then flies for ever;
Mem'ry, thy mirror shews to me
No scenes from carè and sorrow free!

No! Mem'ry, no! thou canst not chase
The bitter tear-drop from mine eye;—
Or light with joy this pallid face,
Or check this bosom's struggling sigh;
Mem'ry, thy mirror shews to me—
Sad scenes of endless misery!

TO

———— ————

THE world has neither bliss or woe,
That *now* can reach my broken heart;
Life can no other charm bestow,
Since I have found the thing thou art:—
This breast can feel no deeper smart,
For *thou* the final pang hast giv'n;—
One gleam of hope long cheer'd my heart,
Now—from my soul 'tis rudely driv'n.

The smile that lights my languid brow,
Proceeds not from a joyous breast;
My soul is dead to pleasure's glow,
I laugh—but do not *feel* the jest:—
(So flowers, with which cold graves are dress'd,
Bloom to the eye, and perfume breathe;
They smile so fair—who ever guess'd
The dreary scene they hide beneath?)

TO

'Tis past—and I will love no more—
Oh! Woman vain—capricious thing;
The more we flatter and adore—
The deeper thou wilt plant thy sting.

'Tis wrong, I own, the sex to blame,
All females do not cheat like thee;—
But ah! they now appear the same—
For *thou* alas! wert *all* to me!—

Go—warm thee in another's smile—
Deceiver, look not thus so fair;—
Wouldst thou again my heart beguile?—
Go—go—and leave me to—despair.

There lurks deceit within that glance
To wound my tortur'd heart again ;
To lull me into passion's trance—
Go, Syren—go—thy smiles are vain.

It is when sorrow assumes the character of despair that it dries up the current of our blood, and makes us old before our time. When Hope is absent — when there is nothing left for us to expect or to desire — then it is the frame, ere long, partakes of the decrepitude of the heart.

And some of withered, or of broken hearts
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate
Taking all shapes and leaving many names
Byron.

TO ———

WITH AN AMULET CROSS,

SAID TO BE A CHARM AGAINST LOVE.

THIS Cross was form'd with magic power,
Love's fiery arrows to repel;
To guard the heart in danger's hour,
An Amulet of wondrous spell.

To me 'twas giv'n—and now to you
The fragrant treasure I resign;—
'Twill my remembrance keep in view,
Which else might be effac'd by *Time*.

This little token of my love,
Is all alas! I've now to give;
Take it dear girl—and may it prove,
The only *Cross* you ere receive!

THE DREAM.

1812.

I DREAM'D of the days of my youth,
And I thought on those hours with a sigh,
I remember'd past pleasures and truth,
Though now they're for ever gone by.

Fond mem'ry retrac'd every place,
Where in youth's fairy hours I had rov'd;
And fancy had pictur'd each face,
Which in childhood's gay morn I had lov'd.

I heard the warm lips of my sire,
Still breathing instruction to me;
And I sat by our own winter fire,
And from care and from sorrow was free!

A mother too smil'd on the scene,
Which my picturing fancy had trac'd ;
Oh ! nothing was wanting—not e'en
The cups which the chimney-piece grac'd.

And the kitten that play'd on the hearth,
In memory's mirror was bright ;
And the dog, who, in moments of mirth,
Has shared in my childish delight !

Each object by memory drawn,
On my slumbering fancy was press'd ;
E'en the daisies which spotted the lawn,
And the song which first lull'd me to rest !

Bright fancy then painted the spot,
Where I parted from all I held dear ;—
Shew'd the look which will ne'er be forgot,
And mem'ry has hallow'd the tear !

The image that rush'd o'er my brain,
Caus'd the tear-drop of sorrow to flow ;
Gay fancy soon ended her reign—
And I woke to the world—and to woe !

TO

THOUGH fortune ever has been kind,
And many a friend bestow'd on me;
Yet never found I, form, or mind,
That I could love—as I love *thee*.

Though many a bright and laughing eye,
'T has been my happy lot to view;—
And many a lip of coral dye,
And many a cheek of roseate hue;

Yet never, never did I meet
A mind so pure, a heart so kind;——
A breast so void of all deceit,
A soul so warm—yet so refin'd.

Oh! when in distant lands I roam,
Through many a clime, o'er many a sea;—
My beating heart will wander home,
And rest its sweetest hopes on thee!

April, 1815.

LINES.

When the heart, that seat of sorrow,
Feels itself with care oppress'd;—
What avails a joyous morrow,
If *to day* it cannot rest?——

Heavy seems the sound of pleasure,
To a breast that sighs for ease;
Then the softest, sweetest measure,
Loses every power to please.

Tedious is the round of gladness,
To a heart that seeks repose;——
Let me fly to scenes of sadness,
There I may indulge my woes!——

O take me for a fellow mourner with thee!
I'll number groan for groan and tear for tear,
And when the fountains of thine eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

THE RING'S PETITION.

TO ———

THE pledge of friendship (not of love)
Let me upon thy finger shine,——
May Hymen's bonds as lasting prove,
Yet be the links as light as mine.

And when I clasp thy taper finger,
(Which gayer rivals oft must share,)
One moment let thy mem'ry linger
Upon the *friend* who plac'd me there.

April, 1815.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Ah! harmless girl!—do not believe
The tears that from his eyelids flow;
He feigns this sorrow to deceive,
And plunge your guileless heart in woe.

With scorn the base deceiver view,
From these false sorrows turn away;—
His sighs are only to subdue,
His tears are shed—but to betray.

Hear not his perjur'd vows of love,
Oh! shun the traitor's cruel snare;—
But should his tears your pity move—
Think on *me*, maiden, and beware!

ON SEEING THE MARRIAGE OF A LADY IN THE PAPER.

I saw a name class'd in the page
With those who go to Hymen's shrine;
And there their plighted vows engage—
Oh! Anna!—and that name was *thine!*

Anna!—where is thy promise *now?*
Forgot, within another's arms;—
And broken is thy fervent vow—
Can I so soon forget thy charms?

Oh! no! my heart can ne'er forget—
As thine—yet may'st thou happy be;
Now never dream that we have met,
Nor waste one useless thought on me!

" May all thy hours in pleasure glide"—
(This is my constant pray'r to Heav'n:)—
And mayst thou never as a bride,
Feel such a pang as thou hast giv'n!

1812.

STANZAS.

Yes !—friendship is an empty sound—
A fickle, fond beguiling thing ;—
I've tried it oft, but always found,
Its sweetest rose conceal'd a sting.

And yet I deem'd not Rosa's breast
Which seem'd fair virtue's sacred cell ;—
Cherish'd pale envy for its guest,
Or let deceit within it dwell.

Though cold unkindness break the link,
Which knit so firmly friendship's chain ;
Oh ! let not Rosa ever think
My heart can long unloved remain !

Oh! no, I'll haste to close the band
  Of friendship's golden chain once more;
If she refuse my offer'd hand—
  The dream of life will soon be o'er.

September, 1815.

LINES

WRITTEN AT MALVERN WELLS,

1813.

HERE rosy health erects her favourite seat,
And on this lofty mountain loves to stray;
Far from the world she flies to this retreat,
Yet here she's follow'd by the grave and gay!

'Tis not in courts the goddess deigns to dwell,
In busy crowds she loves not to abide;—
Nor does she seek the hermit's lonely cell,
But leaves the haunt where cheerless woes abide.

She turns disgusted from a world of care,
She shuns the scenes where giddy pleasure reigns;
Flies to the pureness of this mountain air—
And loves to wanton o'er these smiling plains.

TO

A LADY GOING ABROAD.

Fate has decreed—and we must part—
  Then, Lucy, take my last adieu :——
The warm effusion of a heart
  That while it beats must sigh for you.

Alas! our youthful joys are o'er,
  They ne'er can be renew'd again—
For Lucy seeks a foreign shore,
  Far, far, across the troubled main.

Yet memory's mirror oft will trace
  The fairy scenes through which we rov'd ;
Will call to mind each look and grace,
  And every tree and flower we lov'd.

Though India wears a softer smile—
  Boasts gems more bright and flowers more fair,
Do not forget old Albion's isle,
  And all the friends who love you there.

Lucy, adieu!—in fancy's eye,
  I see the foaming billows swell;—
The bark which bears thee I descry,
  The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell!

1815.

FANCY.

Gay Fancy, shed thy rainbow light
Upon thy youthful votary's head;
And bid the lamp of science bright
Around its cheering influence shed.

And I will mark the Grecian sage,
Will follow through the path he leads;
And often turn th' historic page,
And pause on ancient heroes' deeds.

Bright Fancy, come—and o'er my soul
Thy gentle influence deign to show'r;—
I'll gladly yield to thy controul,
Dear goddess of the lonely hour!—

STANZAS.

YES, thou art gone—and here's a space
Within this broken—lonely heart;——
Oh! not the change of time or place
Can blunt the edge of sorrow's dart:
Yet I'll not act the mourner's part,
"My anguish lies too deep for tears;"
No, it is buried in my heart,
'Tis there its sable throne it rears!

Now *thou* art gone—oh! who is left
To charm and cheer my lonely hours?—
Of every joy life's path is 'reft,
'Tis strown with thorns instead of flow'rs:
I cannot roam through pleasure's bow'rs,
And sooth my mind with idle toys;——
Such scenes would but recall the hours,
When *thou* wert sharer in my joys!

LINES

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER.

Where has the rose's sweetness fled?
Where is the lily's spotless hue?
Ah! see, gay Summer's rose is dead—
And lilies bid the fields adieu.

For Winter has began his reign,
And chill, and misty is the air,—
And though we rove the hill and plain,
We find no blooming flow'ret there.

Children of Summer—soon they die,
And sink into an early tomb;—
As the warm sun-beam quits the sky,
They lose their fragrance, and their bloom!

But turn to gentle Nora's cheeks,
  Where the rose reigns in gayest pride;
There blooming Nature ever speaks,
  Which Winter's frown can never hide.—

And when stern age's hand severe
  Shall leave no youthful grace behind;—
The lily still will linger here,
  And bloom more brightly in her mind.

Thus, thus, when Nature seems to sleep,
  And flowers and lilies fade away;—
I'll in my gentle Nora seek
  Those beauties which can ne'er decay.

1813.

STANZAS

TO ———

You say when years have dimm'd your charms,
And time has stol'n these smiles away ;—
I shall forget the fond alarms,
Which I have sworn, I've felt to day.

You say when care your brow has shaded,
And pleasure's pulse beats high no more ;—
When sorrow on that cheek has faded,
The rose which bloom'd so sweet before ;—

That all my vows of love will fly,
Fast as these fleeting charms away ;
Like sun-beams on a summer sky,
That vanish with declining day !

Behold, my love, this ruby wine
  Which sparkling in my glass appears;—
Its worth may be compar'd to thine,—
  'Twill gather brightness by its years.

Then rise these little fears above,
  For *thou* canst stand the test of time;
Thy charms first taught my heart to love,—
  Thy worth will always keep it thine.

1813.

TO ——

And do you then say that my bosom is cold,
And deem me too slow in accepting your love?
Do you think I am cast in insensible mould,
Unwilling the sweets of affection to prove?

I'll tell thee, my girl—that this heart is as warm
As any that's offer'd at friendship's pure shrine;
And till it was chill'd by deception's rude storm,
It was always as open, and glowing as thine.

It was warm'd like thine own with sincerity's flame,
It trusted like thee—but alas!—was betray'd;
And of friendship it found it had shar'd but the name,
And for love—had mistaken a gay fleeting shade.

Where the heart has *once* trusted—and once been
betray'd
By deceits of the world, and by falsehoods of
men ;—
It still is so cautious, 'tis always afraid—
And years must elapse ere it trusteth again.

Yet forgive me, Eliza—for still I believe,
The love you now offer my soul is sincere ;—
Then come to this bosom—'tis folly to grieve,
For friendship and love are not worthy a tear !

1812.

TO LIFE.

Oh! life, what art thou but a dream,—
An empty dream of nothingness?—
Thou'rt like the rude and troubled stream,
So full of danger, and distress,—
That who would ever wish to sleep—
To dream of thee—then wake to weep?

Tis true, oh! life, thou hast some hours—
Some short-liv'd gleams of sunny weather,
But ah! those gleams are chas'd by showers,
Or as in spring-time, mix'd together:—
For when the sun is shining bright,
Some envious cloud obscures his light!

To some the sun of life is kind,
And pleasure spreads her painted wings;
But soon, alas! too soon they find
The syren has her stings:
For pleasure in her smiling train—
Conceals, repentance, grief, and pain!

Oh! death, the weary wretch's friend,
In thee we find a sweet relief;—
In thee our mortal sorrows end,
Thou soothest care and pain and grief:
Welcome, oh! friendly death to me—
Dull life, farewell—I now am free!

1814.

LINES.

How sweet are the dreams which our childhood bestows,
When on hope's fairy pillow we sink to repose;
No terrors then rise our soft sleep to destroy,
We dream but of bliss, and awake but to joy.

For fleet is a glance of the gay youthful mind,
When on fancy's bright wings it leaves reason behind;
While the world is yet new, all seems magic around
Till we tread on the scorpion, it gives not a wound.

How dear is to age the remembrance of youth,
When fancy and hope wore the colours of truth;
Ere cold disappointment had shewn his stern dart,
And ingratitude's stings had not wounded the heart.

1814.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

You say I nourish in my breast
A slow consuming hopeless flame;
Which robs my beating heart of rest,
And preys upon my trembling frame:
'Tis vain to chide—'tis wrong to blame,
The shaft has struck—the pang is past;
I own, alas! (but not with shame)
While life remains, the wound will last!

You say the rose has fled my cheek,—
The pulse's throb is almost o'er:—
Oh! would it *now* had ceas'd to beat,
And I could see you frown no more:

Sorrow has pierc'd my bosom's core,
  Yet still I breathe and linger here;
Oh! when will nature's strife be o'er?
  When shall I rest upon the bier?

When the cold turf shall o'er me rise,
  That harden'd breast may heave a sigh;
And sad regret may dim those eyes
  Which could unpitying see me die:
When in the silent grave I lie,
  Vain, vain, will be that bitter tear;
Yet hear me, nor my suit deny,
  Restore my hope—and banish fear.

One little word, and joy returns,—
  (Now welcome hope—farewell to pain;—)
My heart with unknown vigour burns—
  I feel, I yet may smile again:
Crush not the hope—nor with disdain
  Avert those heavenly eyes from me:—
Thou wilt not hear—I plead in vain—
  Thus death at once shall set me free!

VALENTINE

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

IN DEPRESSED SPIRITS.

AH! why upon my Anna's brow
Has rosy health forgot to smile?
And where are all those graces now,
Which could the gazer's heart beguile?
Why have they fled, and left her mind,
A gloomy void—to grief resign'd?

Ah! gentle girl! 'tis *love* I fear—
Which drives the blushing rose away;—
And places in thine eye the tear,
Which down thy cheek delights to stray;
The tear we shed for love is vain—
And while it soothes—augments our pain.

Then chase the tear-drop from thine eye,
Be not o'ercome by pallid sorrow;—
For though dark clouds obscure the sky,
The sun may gild the happy morrow;—
Then cherish hope—his beams will shine,
And light you to a—Valentine.

February 14th, 1813.

A CHARACTER.

LIGHT was her footstep in the dance,
Bright shone her eye as eagle's glance;
Her cheeks, where rose with lily play'd—
Contrasted well her eyes' dark shade:
She had a free and candid air—
Courteous to all her manners were;
Good humour revell'd on her brow—
Whilst feeling taught her heart to glow:
Virtue on all her actions brightly smil'd,
Wisdom beheld with joy, and own'd she was her child.

TO JULIA.

"In dreary midnight's lonely hour,
When wretched lovers only wake:—
Ten thousand tears fast falling pour,
And bathe my bosom for thy sake.

When morning's misty eyes unclose,
And give the world another day;
For thee, more sweet than summer's rose,
Ten thousand sighs are breath'd away!"

When twilight cometh on apace
And o'er the world her mantle throws;
I think upon thy heavenly face,
And to the moon pour forth my woes!

At shining morn, or gloomy night,
Fancy presents thy image near,
Thy form is pictur'd to my sight,
Thy voice still vibrates in my ear!

In vain to me the morning wakes,
And gives the world the cheerful day;
If Julia, who its brightness makes—
Forgetful wanders far away!—

My soul will own no other fair—
None but thyself can pleasure give;
Oh! Julia, let me not despair—
But smile, and bid thy captive live!

1812.

WRITTEN

IN A COPY OF

ANACREON'S ODES.

Oh for the Poet's soul of fire!
Oh for the Poet's magic lyre!
Then would I boldly touch the string,
And sing as he was wont to sing.
But ah those days are past and o'er,
Anacreon's spirit is no more:
Those festive hours are long since gone,
Anacreon's soul for aye is flown:
A bard again will never rise
To sing the charms of ladies' eyes,
As blithe Anacreon us'd to sing,
'Twas then that love was in its spring;
Then crested warriors paus'd to hear,
And listening beauty dropp'd a tear;
But now those blissful days are gone,
Anacreon's soul from earth has flown.

Quench'd is his ardent breast of fire,
Cold lies the master of the lyre;
Nerveless those hands which once could fling
Such melting numbers from the string—
Clos'd is the eye which beam'd so bright,
Diffusing all around delight;
Cold is that brow—low in the ground
Which once the rose and myrtle crown'd.—
Still lies the heart where sense refin'd,
With passion's fire so closely twin'd—
Pale are the lips whose melting numbers
Could chain the soul in spell-bound slumbers.
Sunk is the Poet's brilliant soul
Which sparkl'd brighter than the bowl.
Mute as its master lies his lyre,
And silent are its notes of fire.
No more the goblet's flowing brim
Shall lave its golden sides for him;
No more the rose its leaves shall shed,
To form for him the perfum'd bed;
No more the young and blooming vine
Shall round his brow its tendrils twine;
No more the zephyr murmuring by
Shall sigh responsive to his sigh.

The myrtle wreath, alas! is dead,
Which us'd to bloom around his head;
The rose has lost its sweet perfume,
Or left it in the Poet's tomb.—
No more the gay convivial smile
Shall all our festive hours beguile,
For he who caus'd that smile to glow,
And made a paradise below,
Has left us now—in Heav'n to share
The paradise that waits him there;
And days and years shall glide away
And seasons sink into decay,
Ere such a bard again will bloom
As he who sleeps beneath the tomb!

1812.

TO A TIME-PIECE.

Gayly ye fly, ye fairy-footed hours,
While yet ye last,
I'll hold you fast,
And strew life's rugged path with flowers;
Rest yet awhile
When youth doth smile,
And bid life's blissful moments longer last;
Fleet not away,
But longer stay,
Turn slow till youth's gay happy hours are past.

Life's storms as yet to me have been but showers,
As light and transient as an April day;
Tho' the rain lasted for a few short hours,
The Sun has never yet withdrawn his ray;

I know not what it is to sigh,
And count the slow-pac'd hours;—
Too soon to me they seem to fly,
And transient is their date as blooming flowers.

When care or pain shall hover o'er my bed,
And health with all its rosy smiles shall fly;
When troubled dreams distract my aching head,
And grief and woe shall close my languid eye;
Turn, glittering toy,
Turn, swift until those hours are o'er,
Or bring me back the joy
I us'd to feel before!

When age itself at last,
With slow yet steady pace,
With iron hand shall lock me fast,
Within his cold embrace —
Then let thy fingers fleetly glide,
Bid them not then their tedious course delay,
Give me not cause their tardy pace to chide,
Or with impatience mark their lingering stay;

And when Death's friendly hand
Shall loose the earthly band,
That holds my spirit in this stormy world;
Fly fast, ye moments fly,—
Linger not *then*———
Until my spirit with a gentle sigh
Quits the abode of men!

1811.

TO ————

Oh!———canst thou make that heart,
(Which all have sought but never won,)
A false deceiving thing of art,
Open to *all*—yet loving *none?*

And dost thou only wear the smile
(Thy smiles can steal all hearts away)
The heedless gazer to beguile?
The fond admirer to betray?—

And is that seeming guileless breast,
Only the tutor'd child of art;
Where true affection does not rest?
Where *real* feeling bears no part?

And dost thou heave the studied sigh,
  The melting, easy heart to gain?
And is the tear-drop in thine eye,
  But shed to give the gazer pain?

No !—never be the tale believ'd,
  Thy soul is not the seat of ill ;—
Or if indeed I've been deceiv'd,
  It is so sweet—deceive me still!

WRITTEN

BENEATH A PICTURE.

As when the Sun through clouds of gloom
  Breaking—dispels the shades of night;
So pleasure does my soul illume,
  Whene'er thou meet'st my raptur'd sight!

The shades of joys that long have slept,
  In mem'ry's glass, once more I see;—
The tears these eyes so long have wept,
  Are turn'd to bliss at sight of *thee!*

June, 1815.

TO ——————

OH! strike the magic harp again,
And charm my bosom with thy lay;—
My ear yet drinks the melting strain
Which grac'd thy roseate lips to day.

Come lull my sorrows to repose,
With numbers such as Angels sing;
And teach me to forget my woes,
By pouring rapture from the string!

FAIRY REVELS.

A FRAGMENT.

1810.

Now the Moon is riding high,
Titania holds her revelry;
O'ercanopy'd with myrtle bow'rs,
Stretch'd upon a couch of flow'rs,
In a peaceful shady grove,
See the fairy Queen of Love.
O'er her head the stars burn bright,
And the glow-worm lends its light,
Hark the bird of evening sings!—
Now the revelry begins.
Pleasure's smiling form is seen
On the gay enamell'd green.
Ev'ry object seems to say—
'Tis Titania's holiday!

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

TO

NIGHT.

Oh! night, I love thy hallow'd beams,
More than the glaring rays of day;
Thou bring'st me happy blissful dreams,
Which morning's reason steals away!

Oh! night, I see thy ebon veil
Steal o'er the world, with raptur'd eyes;
For by thy crescent glimmering pale,
My Anna listens to my sighs.

Go—go—ye garish beams of day,
No pleasure in your smiles I prove;
Give me the peaceful evening ray,
Sacred to Silence, and to Love!

TO

—— WEEPING.

WHAT sorrow dims that sparkling eye?
Say is it love, say is it woe,
That claims the tribute of a sigh,
And bids those pearly drops to flow?

Tell me—has some cold hearted youth
Repaid thy love with cold disdain?
Or has he broken vows of truth,
And left thy heart the seat of pain?

If so—he ill deserves a tear—
Or one soft sigh from that pure breast;
Forget that he has e'er been dear—
And let thy heart once more be blest!

Oh! if we grieve for every woe
  We meet in Life's uncertain round;
When will the tear-drop cease to flow?
  Where will the smile of joy be found?

Then cease to weep—or let the tear
  Which wets this cheek for trivial woes;
Forget the cause that brought it here;
  And change to rapture as it flows!

IMPROMPTU,

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HAIR.

I own I ill deserve a treasure,
Which once I slighted with disdain;—
'Twas in the thoughtless hour of pleasure,
When my gay heart beat light and vain;—
When mirth and gladness rul'd the day—
I cast the offer'd gift away.—

Ah! *now* believe my folly ended—
And that I hold the gift most dear;—
Forget—that I have once offended—
And know my love is most sincere;
Not e'en the arm of Death can sever
The chain which binds me—thine for ever!

August, 1815.

MUSIC.

IMITATION OF MOORE.

Wreathe thy harp with wildest flowers,
Let it breathe its softest strain—
Call to mind the joyous hours,
Which we ne'er can see again.

When I hear that well known sound,
'Tis as though the dead arose;
'Tis as if her spirit round
Hover'd—list'ning to our woes!

Oh! that well remember'd strain
Wakens joys—now sunk in death;
Scenes of bliss—and hours of pain
All revive in music's breath;—

Memory would too often sleep—
  Were it not for Music's strain;
Sorrow would too often weep—
  If Music did not lull its pain!

Mem'ry sometimes *must* repose,
  Sorrow should not always last;
Then how soothing after woes—
  'Tis to dream of pleasures past!

Music's sound recalls the hours,
  Almost faded from the mind;—
Culls of life the sweetest flowers—
  And cheers what yet is left behind.

AN

ACROSTIC.

L IGHT as the lily in her native vale,
A nd gentle as the calmly breathing gale;
U nskill'd in all the arts of courtly pride,
R eason her rule,—and innocence her guide;
A bove the baser passions that oft move
M ankind;——she is an object of their love.
O pen and candid is her peaceful breast,
R emorse, and anguish there can never rest,
E ach charm is hers, that e'er a mortal bless'd!

Malvern Wells, 1813.

LINES.

FARE thee well—time sweeps along—
  Yet thy image still shall dwell
In the bowl, and in the song—
  In memory's lone and sacred cell.

Fare thee well—the hours fly fast,
  Soon, too soon, my love, we sever;—
Long as life and hope shall last
  I will bless thy name—for ever!

Yet dear maid, some happier youth
  Will repay thy love more kindly;
Tho' possess'd of heavenly truth,
  To this shore thou canst not bind me.

I must prove a wand'ring lover,
I must cross the foaming sea;—
Yet, ah! yet, thy hapless rover—
Ne'er can cease to think on thee!

Tears and sighs are unavailing—
From thy arms I must depart;
See! the signal's giv'n for sailing,
Break, oh! break not yet, my heart!

I could linger here for ever—
Proving to my vows most true;
Fate denies it—we must sever—
Take my long and last adieu!

To rend a cherished love aparte
Alle effort faileth
It sorely grieveth the fonne heaute
And nought prevaileth:

Memory that fain would banish it,
Stille is pursuing;
And the sad struggle to forget
Is the renewing.

WRITTEN

ON

THE SEA SHORE.

(MOONLIGHT.)

How sweet this scene unto a mind at ease,
How soothing soft the Ocean seems to glide,
Hush'd is each murmur, e'en the gentle breeze
Forbears to agitate the slumb'ring tide!

Oh! tis a scene that speaks of heav'n above,
And lulls the heart of sorrow to repose;
Tunes the sad soul to rapture and to love,
And leads the mourner to forget his woes!

How sweet to him who on the foaming deep,
Long days and nights has toss'd in restless pain;
How sweet to him, to see the billows sleep,
And view calm peace assert her silent reign!

But ah! to me, the scene has lost its charms,
Distant so far from all the friends I love;
Still am I doom'd to meet with fresh alarms,
And through the world a weary wand'rer rove!

The Syren Joy has never blest my bow'r—
From me she flies—with more than wing'd feet;
And I must pass full many a dreary hour,
Ere I her blessings, and her smiles can meet!

1814.

WRITTEN

ON

THE SEA SHORE,

AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Sweet are these fairy shores to other eyes,
Gay laughs the morn to every heart but mine:
The frolic wind to me sounds heavy sighs,
And the bright sun-beam paly seems to shine.

Wand'ring in vain—from place to place I rove,
Finding no friend to comfort and to cheer;
No heart to soothe my sorrows, and to love,
No kindred eye to shed affection's tear!

A sad spectator midst life's crowded scene,
Grief at my heart, and sorrow in mine eyes;
Despair and anguish in my look and mien,
As I approach, the phantom Pleasure flies!

Be calm, my heart—nor yield to dark despair,
Stern fate to thee at last will pity shew,
Death soon will end thy sorrows and thy care,
And with a welcome hand relieve thy woe!

1814.

And Life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die

DESCRIPTION

OF ———

Of gay enchanting form and face
——— possess'd each female grace;
Well skill'd the heedless to beguile,
For magic dwelt beneath her smile.
She knew each witching art to gain—
And *keep* the captive in her chain.—
Her graceful dress in part reveal'd
Her bosom's whiteness—part conceal'd—
The lily made that breast its own
Without;—within, 't had never blown!
She could command the ready sigh—
The down-cast look—the timid tear;—
Which makes the heart of hope beat high,
And yet awakes the pulse of fear—

Yes! she could flatter and caress,—
Could feign to love,—and seem to bless;
Until with cautious, cruel art—
She wound her net around the heart;
Deep skill'd was she in ev'ry way—
To sooth, to flatter, and betray!

1810.

STANZAS

TO ———

Adieu, a long, a last adieu,—
We part—oh! ne'er to meet again;—
Oft waking shall I think on you,
With much of joy, but more of pain!

And in my dreams thou wilt appear,
In airy vision to my sight;
And many a sigh, and bitter tear,
Shall greet thine image through the night!

I shall remember, how I lov'd—
I shall remember how you sigh'd:—
The moment you my love approv'd
Would Heav'n!—I had that moment died.

I had been blest—and never known
How faithless is a female heart—
Dying—had thought thee all my own,
And had been spar'd this cruel smart!

Yes! steel may break, and rocks may rend,
Mountains may from their base be torn;—
But Woman's soul will never bend,
Her heart is fill'd with pride and scorn!

1812.

I lov'd her once—I lov'd her so
That even now the merest thought
Of all that pass'd so long ago
Her tears & fond remembrance brought.

IMITATION

OF

LORD BYRON.

I MARK'D him—he'd his mother's eye—
His mother's pouting lip—the same—
He sigh'd—it was his mother's sigh,
But ah! he bore his *father's name!*

Oh! Heav'n—I could for ever gaze
Upon that boy's angelic face;—
Again could dream of happier days,
As in her child—*her* form I trace!

I love that boy—in fancy's dream—
His mother's ev'ry grace I see;—
And view her eye so brightly beam—
Alas! it beams not now for *me!*

1813.

FAREWELL TO HOPE.

HENCE—faithless Hope, thy magic numbers
Ne'er shall cheat my fancy more;—
Broken are my charmed slumbers,
And thy fairy reign is o'er.—

Love and Hope! again I never
To my heart such guests will bring;—
Awhile ye sooth'd—then fled for ever—
Took your sweets—but left your sting!

A THOUGHT

IN A

BALL ROOM.

Ah! would one eye here beam less bright,
If *mine* were sunk,—and clos'd in death?
Would one heart glow with less delight
If I resign'd for aye this breath?

Ah! would the cheek of beauty burn
With paler flush—or fainter fire;
If unto dust I now return—
And weary of the world expire?

Will these gay bosoms heave a sigh?
Will these bright eyes with tears o'erflow?
When worn by sorrow I shall die?—
My conscious bosom answers—*no!*—

STANZAS.

What is friendship? what is love?
This a shadow—that a name;—
Lights that only shine above,
"Shades, that follow wealth and fame!"

Prize not love's uncertain joys—
Heed not friendship's bland deceit;—
Both are trifling idle toys,—
Both will flatter—both will cheat!

Love is like the adder's sting—
Deeply rankling in the heart:—
Friendship will no solace bring
It will wound and then depart!

Both,—too like the fickle world,
  Worship when the Sun is bright;
But by fortune's tempest hurl'd,
  Leave us to affliction's night!

1810.

FRAGMENT.

The fairy hours of life are o'er,
And sorrow pale has shewn her form;
I feel not as I did before
I sunk in disappointment's storm.

Alas! I little dream'd, that e'er
Youth's sun had gain'd meridian height;
It should be clouded by despair—
And set in sorrow's starless night!

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

LOVE.

THE heart that never lov'd—
Can never know,—
And by experience hath not prov'd,—
All the extremes,
And empty dreams,
Of bliss and woe!

The heart, that oft hath lov'd
Has felt the smart;—
And by experience sad has prov'd—
The hopes and fears,—
The sighs and tears
That freeze the heart!—

The heart that *truly* loves—
Alone can tell—
And dear experience only proves—
The sweet delight,
That must requite
Those who love *well!*

1812.

How can I breath my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

IMITATION

OF

ANACREON.

FILL the bowl and let us drink,
Fill the bowl, nor pause to think;
Let us drink the night away—
We can think when it is *day*.

Fill the bowl with Bacchus' treasure,
Fill it up with rosy pleasure;—
Fill again—yet more and more,
Till its laughing sides run o'er!

1810.

WRITTEN

IN

LORD BYRON'S POEMS,

PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

Has grief's rude hand thy bosom torn—
And dost thou weep some fatal truth?
Art thou untimely left to mourn
The blighted visions of thy youth?

The tear that trembles in thine eye,—
Flows it for friendship ill repaid?
Does thy young heart in secret sigh,
O'er hope deceiv'd—or love betray'd?

Or hast thou woke from joy's bright dream,
Or pleasure's oft times fatal sleep?
Dost thou regret her short-liv'd beam?
And seek o'er faded bliss to weep?

Then turn thee to this soothing page,
Here find a solace for thy care;
Whose sweetness will thy griefs assuage,
And calm the tortures of despair!

And oh! thus early learn to know—
These dreams of bliss were only giv'n
To light thee through a world of woe,
They must be *realis'd* in heav'n!

July, 1815.

LINES.

I was of ev'ry joy bereft—
No home, no friends, no comfort near;
No soothing drop for me was left,
No eye to shed affection's tear.—

Till Rosa came to yield relief—
To chase the tear-drop from mine eye;—
She eas'd my woe-worn heart of grief—
And lull'd with smiles, the rising sigh!

I lov'd her———not because her eye
Beam'd as the dew of heav'n so mild;—
No!—'twas because a gentle sigh
Stole from her breast for sorrow's child.

I lov'd her———not because her cheek
Rivall'd the blush of dawning day ;—
But 'twas because she oft would seek—
To chase my fears and doubts away!

I lov'd her—not because her breast
Was fairer than the mountain snow ;—
But 'twas because it held a guest,
Who sooth'd and shar'd another's woe!

1810.

LINES

ON A

YOUTH WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION.

C—M, thy gentle soul, life's trials past,
Its struggles o'er—its errors all forgiv'n ;—
Has wing'd its flight to realms of bliss at last,
And flown to join—with perfect souls in heav'n!

Just as thy early virtues had been shown—
Ere ripen'd manhood on thy cheek did bloom ;—
Stern death—(who long had mark'd thee for his own,)
Rush'd forth—and dragg'd thee with him to the tomb.

We mourn not, youth, that thou art with the blest,
'Tis not for thee sad vigils here we keep;
Tis not because thou'rt flown to realms of rest—
That thus we heave the sigh, that thus we weep.

'Tis for a tender father's speechless woe,
'Tis for a doting mother's silent tear;—
That down our cheeks these drops are seen to flow,
That thus we sorrow mournful o'er thy bier.

Weep not, ye mourners—let not from your eyes
These trickling tears, so sad, so frequent start;—
Calm, calm, these sorrows, hush these heavy sighs,
And act as best becomes the Christian's part!

Seek resignation—in Religion find
"That peace the idle world can ne'er bestow;"—
She the composer of the troubled mind
Will heal your griefs, and calm this flood of woe.

If at your wish your son again might live—
Again might struggle on this world of care;—
Say *would* you wish it?—no!—the thought forgive,
Then why indulge your griefs, and your despair?

His happy soul (the pangs of death soon o'er,)
Shook off its cumb'ring dust—and being free,
Wafted by faith's soft gales began to soar—
And sprung on wings of hope, to liberty!

1812.

ROMANCE.

Woe to the youth who wanders far—
Midst fancy's wild illusive maze;—
Who ne'er can find a guiding star,—
But follows each destructive blaze.

Woe to the maid who wanders deep
Midst wild romance's magic bowers;
Descends each dell—climbs ev'ry steep
In search of fictions fairy flowers!

Woe to the youth whose ardent mind
Sees only scenes of future bliss;—
Too soon the hapless youth will find
Those scenes are not more blest than *this!*

Woe to the maid who never dreams
Of any hours, save those of *joy;*
Of gay idea fairy scenes—
And days of bliss without alloy.

Woe to the maid, who, when she wakes,
Finds all her fairy visions o'er;
Ah! hapless girl, she only makes
Herself more wretched than before!

Woe to the youth whose sanguine eye,
Follows gay Hope's seducing form;
She only leads him on to die
Midst disappointment's fatal storm!

Woe to the maid, by error led,
Who sports in fancy's painted beam;
Too soon she'll find that fancy fled—
All that she saw, was but a dream!

1810.

TWO VIEWS OF LOVE.

TO A

YOUTH WHO ASKED WHAT LOVE WAS.

Say *what* is Love? a treach'rous guest—
Who only flatters to betray;—
And dwells within the sanguine breast,
To steal it from itself away.

Say what is Love? 'tis folly—madness—
It turns the smile of joy to sadness;
It steals the rosy cheek away—
And makes the youthful form decay;—
And in the breast, where once it enters,
Ev'ry care and sorrow centers!

Oh! fly this base, this flatt'ring guest,
He only lures thee to destroy;—
He'll rob thy guileless heart of rest,
Then leave thee to despair, dear boy!

TO A

YOUNG GIRL

WHO ASKED THE SAME QUESTION.

Say what is love? it is a charm
That dwells within the youthful breast;
It guards the bosom from all harm,
And makes it very, very blest!

Yes! Love produces joy and gladness,
And cheats the mournful heart of sadness,
It dyes the youthful cheek with roses,
Where no care lurks—no thorn reposes;
And in the breast where *true* love enters,
Ev'ry joy and pleasure centers!

Encourage then this gentle guest—
He only comes to cheer thy heart;
Within thy bosom let him rest—
Sooth him—and bid him ne'er depart!

1810.

A VALENTINE.

EVERY thing conspires to day,
Haste, my Anna, come away;
Fly with me to yonder grove,
Sacred to the queen of love.
Thither haste, ye nymphs, and bring
Ev'ry balmy breath of spring;
Strew a couch of blooming roses,
(Such as where young Love reposes,)
Spread around us fragrant flow'rs,
Cull'd from Flora's favourite bow'rs;
Haste be quick, your bands advance,
Come and join the mazy dance;

Let not age or care appear,
None but youth and joy are here.—
Wake the young-ey'd god of pleasure,
With a soft yet sprightly measure;
Fly, and on the rosy gale
Let the sounds of mirth prevail;
Haste, and let the ev'ning star
Proclaim our revelry afar.
Strike the harp, and sweep its strings,
New pleasures ev'ry moment brings;
Seize old Time, nor let him move,
Sacred is this hour to love.—
See the jolly god of dance
Hither with his elves advance,
While the soft Idalian boy
Waves his wings and smiles for joy.
Cupid here holds sov'reign sway,
And Hymen lights us on our way.—
On the steps of the fair boy
Wait young Health and rosy Joy;
See for him a wreath they twine,
Braiding laurel with the vine;
Jes'mine white and blushing roses,
(Tints that Anna's cheek discloses,)

With the snow-drop we may see,
Blest emblem of his purity;
And the myrtle ever-green,
Twining 'midst his locks is seen;
Add to this the violet blue,
To shew us by its modest hue,
That love is free from haughty pride,
And never takes ambition's side.—
Bring ev'ry flow'r that yields perfume
Which on Love's brows shall ever bloom;
But oh, amid a wreath so fair
The cypress ne'er should have a share,
When, breath'd upon by Love's warm sigh,
The cypress and the willow die.
Oh! haste, fair Anna, let us prove
The soft delights of mutual love;
And join with mine thy lovely hand
In gentle Hymen's silken band.
Thou never shalt repent the day
On which thou gav'st that hand away.—
Say ere the term of Love expires,
Ere he from the world retires,
Ere the hours of spring are fled,
Ere the roses droop their head;

Ere young Cupid's sportive band
Quit for aye this happy land,
While he here holds sov'reign sway
(As he does upon this day)
Say, ere these hours of love are flown,
That thou wilt bless
A———n.

1810.

ON ROSA

KILLING A BEE WHICH HAD SETTLED ON HER LIP.

Oh! happy insect—die in bliss—
Since Fate has will'd, it must be so;
Thy life is forfeit for the kiss—
And Rosa's hand has giv'n the blow!

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,
Straight to her coral lips he flew;
Ah! who would ever think on death
When so much beauty is in view?

But if his rivals (men) must share
His fate for such a crime as this;
Sweet Rosa! who would ever dare
To taste the rapture of thy kiss?

If on thy lip he left his dart,
'Twas but in mercy to mankind;
To warn them from that hallow'd part,
Lest they a fate as cruel find!

1810.

TO ———

WHO DISLIKED POETRY.

No ! I can ne'er resign the art,
  Which Nature has so deep impress'd,
On ev'ry movement of my heart,
  And twin'd so closely round my breast !

Though *you* may call my tuneful theme,
  " The phantoms of unreal joys,"
I would not wake from such a dream,
  To share with crowds their pomp and noise.

For I can sooth my lonely hours
  By roaming fiction's fairy clime;
Can cull bright fancy's fadeless flow'rs,
  To deck the weary wing of Time.

Should Health forget her wonted smile,
(Some hours of sickness *all* must share;)
My lyre can well those hours beguile,
And blunt the barbed sting of care.

Should Pleasure's gay illusion cease,
(And clouds will oft obscure *her* ray;)
The lyre can lull my soul to peace,
And while the ling'ring time away.

Then cease to chide fair Fancy's power,
Who o'er my soul has shed her light;
She'll prove a friend in sorrow's hour,
And cheer me in affliction's night!

1813.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF,

AT THE

END OF THE NOVEL OF WAVERLY.

Clos'd is the book—the tale is o'er—
Its scenes from Fancy's eyes are faded;
The gallant chieftain is no more,
The mists of death his brows have shaded.—

Too soon, brave chief, thy course was run,
Too soon thy bright career was clouded;
Thy glory's hardly ris'n sun,
Untimely sunk—in darkness shrouded.—

Ah! where are now the matchless pair,
Who through old Scotland's valley rov'd?
Where rests the high-born, noble fair,
Who *Wogan's* memory so much lov'd?

The lily, and the mountain oak,
United, brav'd the warring wind;
The tree has felt the spoiler's stroke,
The blighted flow'r is left behind.

And cold are now those Highland breasts,
Which beat with valour's fervid glow;
Low in the tomb each warrior rests,
Unconscious of his chieftain's woe.

Deserted is that ancient hall,
Where once the bard's sweet numbers rose.
Where grace and beauty led the ball,
The spider's filmy brood repose.

The owl usurps Mac-Ivor's chair,
The bat there spreads his ebon wings;
And screaming to the dusky air,
Hoarsely the sable raven sings.

The magic harp is silent laid,
Which once could charm the list'ning throng;
No more the echoing hill and glade
Repeat the notes of Flora's song.—

All, all are faded from the mind,
  Like lightning in a summer sky;
And few the traces left behind,
  Past days of greatness to descry.

Then, oh! how soothing *here* to trace
  (Though faintly) that unclouded day;
To search the annals of a race
  Oblivion's stream hath swept away.

And *thou*, whose pages have essay'd
  To save what yet is spar'd by time;—
Receive the thanks of many a maid,
  And many a youth of Scotia's clime.

The young with rapture long shall read
  Of warlike times—too great to last;
The old, (while yet their bosoms bleed,)
  May almost dream they are not past.

1815.

ON

THE DEATH OF

ENSIGN T * * *

WHO FELL IN BATTLE,

Feb. 24th, 1814.

They tell us that we should not weep,
For those who die on glory's bed;
They tell us it is wrong to keep
Sad vigils for the heroic dead.—

Vain thought! can grief forget to sigh?
Can fond affection check the tear,
And calmly gaze with unmov'd eye
On rising valour's timeless bier?—

The stoics preach "'tis wrong to mourn
O'er the high relics of the brave;
O'er friends from life thus early torn,
Because they rest in *honour's grave!*"—

Alas! can love so calmly part
With all the hopes it held so dear?—
And is the mourner's breaking heart
Denied the comfort of a tear?—

No!—when some envied son of fame
In fields of glory finds a tomb,
Th' admiring world his deeds proclaim,
And thronging crowds lament his doom.

But *public* woe can never last;
A nation's grief is quickly o'er;
The first keen pang of sorrow past,
They feel the Hero's loss no more.

But 'tis not thus with *friends* who cherish'd
High hopes—(alas! how early crost;)
Who see their proudest prospects perish'd,
And all their fairy visions lost.

Ah, no! through many ling'ring years,
Their care worn hearts must mourn his doom;
Weep! mourners, weep!—affection's tears
Can ne'er disgrace a *soldier's* tomb!

TO

A FADED ROSE.

Poor emblem of departed pleasure,
I view thee with a mournful eye;—
Thy faded form I still will treasure,
It tells of bliss—long since gone by!

Thou bring'st to mind bright visions cherish'd,
When youth and fancy were mine own;
Thou tell'st of joys, too early perish'd,—
Of pleasures faded—hopes o'erthrown!—

Poor hapless flow'r! I still will wear thee;
While life remains, we ne'er must part;—
And death's rude hand alone shall tear thee,
From this sad—lonely—broken heart!

Thy hour of pride was quickly shaded,—
  Thy balmy sweetness soon was o'er;—
In one short night thy beauties faded,
  And now,——thou charm'st the eye no more!

The guardian thorns which close caress thee,
  Wound not this tortur'd breast of mine;
Ah! no!——the heart to which I press thee,
  Has felt a deeper sting than *thine!*

1816.

STANZAS.

I.

How chang'd to me this glitt'ring scene,
Since last I trod its winding maze;—
Oh! why should sorrow intervene,
To blight the hopes of youthful days?—
Amid this busy crowd I view—
No form—no face—I wish to see;
There's not in all this mirthful crew,
One eye—whose smile gives joy to me!—

II.

Those who have felt the icy chill
That steals thro' all the trembling frame;—
The throbbing pulse,——the sick'ning thrill,—
The bursting heart,——the burning brain:—

The listless apathy of mind—
The fever of the aching breast;—
The cold-fix'd brow, that *looks* resign'd,
Yet inly pines—and does not rest;

III.

The weary limbs that taste not sleep,—
But vainly turn, and court repose;—
The leaden eye—that cannot weep,—
Whose sorrow freezes as it flows;—
The total hopelessness of heart,
That fondly cherishes its grief;—
And will not with its anguish part,
That seeks not———*wishes* not relief;—

IV.

Oh! such *alone* can tell the pain
The bosom feels, and ceases never,
When fate unlinks the golden chain,
Which Love had forg'd to last for ever;
No other tie the soul can bind,
The world becomes a dreary void;
No future bliss can sooth the mind
That mourns o'er early hopes destroy'd!

STANZAS

TO ———

I.

Oh!—do not think, because awhile
I revel with the careless crowd,—
That pleasure's pow'r can e'er beguile
The grief of which my soul is proud;
And deem not—when, midst courtly joys,
I mingle with the light and vain,
I find in riot's madd'ning noise,
A solace for my bosom's pain!—

II.

Yet those who seek mirth's varied round,
Fools—who in folly's creed agree,—
May deem my soul in joy has found,
The bliss it lost, in losing thee;—

But when gay pleasure's votaries rest,
And midnight wraps the world in shade;
The sigh that rends this tortur'd breast,
Tells me, *thine* image cannot fade!

III.

Thy mute resemblance oft I trace,
Lest dull-ey'd sorrow should forget
To mark some charm—some nameless grace
Which mem'ry has not treasur'd yet;
Unmov'd *now* meets my ardent gaze
That eye—whose glance has rapture giv'n;
We met not thus in youthful days,
We meet no more,——unless in Heav'n!—

IV.

Then oh!—forgive me when I wear
The mask of mirth—or pleasure's tone;—
I would not have the vulgar share
The woe which should be mine alone;—

Think not I do thy mem'ry wrong
That thus I *seem* from sorrow free,—
Th' unmeaning smile I give the throng,—
The silent tear—is kept for *thee!*—

Then still with bright looks keep
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less
But keep your tears for me!

STANZAS.

I.

Well, well, I feel I should not mourn,
Vain is each bitter tear;
Yet better far I could have borne,
To view thee on thy bier;
And think thy dying heart was mine,
Than thus to see thy Love decline!

II.

Far sooner had I seen the rose
Change to the lily's hue;
And as I watch'd thine eyelids close,
Believ'd thy vows were true;
Than thus thy Love estrang'd to see,
And mourn thy heart untrue to me!

III.

I should have deem'd, though thou wert dead,
  Thy spirit hover'd round,
To hallow ev'ry tear I shed,
  And still had comfort found;
Less bitter had thy death been mourn'd,
Than thus thy Love to coldness turn'd!

III.

ZELIA,

A TALE.

ZELIA.

1812.

I.

The winds are hush'd, the storm is fled,
And calmly heaves the swelling billow;
The setting sun reclines his head,
Slow sinking in his western bed,
He rests upon his wat'ry pillow.
The blushing clouds around him play
To steal another parting ray,
And woo him to prolong his stay.
In vain; he lessens to the sight,
And sinking, bids the world "good night!"
But soon appears the twilight star,
Bright rising in the heav'ns afar;
While Cynthia sheds her mellow light,
To cheer the wand'rer of the night,

And till the young-ey'd morn appears,
On high her silver crescent rears.
Bright planet! who can gaze on thee,
And let base passions shake their breast?—
Oh! lost indeed that soul must be,
Which views thee calmly sink to rest,
And does not blush to think thy vestal ray
Should witness scenes which shock the eye of open day!

II.

The morning beams; the bark has gain'd
Her station in the secret isle;
And all the treasures that remain'd
The Pirates view—a mighty pile!
Disdaining now the golden store,
Zelia was all stern Bertram bore
From the rich galley to the shore.—
Within the cavern soon was plac'd
Her lifeless form.—The pirates round,
With eager and officious haste,
From her cold heart the zone unbound;

And bath'd her pale and death-like brow
With fragrant liquids,—till, at length,
(Glad symptom of returning strength,)
The rose just blushes on the snow
Of her fair cheek, and with a sigh,
She woke to life who wish'd to die!
Her eye, unconscious, glanc'd around,
Then sunk in silence on the ground;
Yet might you read wild agony
Within that dull and heavy eye;
So cold that look, so fix'd that glance,
Ev'n reason's self seem'd in a trance;
So still, so wildly calm her air,
It was the calmness of despair.

III.

The pirate-chief had still a breast
That soon was touch'd by beauty's charms;
He tried to sooth her mind to rest,
He bade her check her vain alarms.

" Lady, I wish thy love to gain
By gentle means—I'll use no art
Save love———I have no other chain
Wherewith to bind a female heart."

IV.

" A robber! yet dare talk of love!—
Oh thou canst hardly know the name!
Ev'n pity in thy breast must prove
At best a weak and wav'ring flame.
Pity! thou know'st it not—begone!"
" Nay, if thou chid'st me, gentle one—
" Oh! touch me not with that rude hand,
'Tis stain'd perchance with human gore;
Restore me to my native land,
What ransom thou shalt please demand;
Let me but see my friends once more,
Again in their embrace be blest,
And, Pirate—I'll forgive the rest!"

V.

His features, cast in manly mould,
Were not unpleasing to the view;
Was it revenge, or thirst of gold,
That made him join this desp'rate crew?—
This was a tale that no one knew.
'Twas whisper'd, it was slighted love
That made him as a Pirate rove;—
Oh! Bertram's was a desp'rate mind,
For ev'ry daring task design'd;
Nor death, nor danger could impart
One terror to his dauntless heart;
Yet woman's charms possess'd the pow'r
To steal his soul in pleasure's hour!

VI.

When the sun gilds with all his beams
Neptune's wide realm, and to the view
The distant main a prism seems,
Glowing with dyes of varied hue,
Now ting'd with gold, and now with blue;

So on her cheek young roses stray'd,
And wanton with the lily play'd;
And each that doubtful cheek may claim,
As each alternate went and came.
Her hair was of the sun's bright dye,
And light and laughing was her eye;
Her soul was noble and refin'd,
Her face the mirror of her mind.
Such was the captive,—cold were he,
Who view'd such charms, and yet was free.

VII.

Oh! what is love?—the phantom of an hour,
The Poet's dream—the blushing maiden's jest;—
A passion that in youth exerts its pow'r,
The tyrant master of the throbbing breast;—
A passing pang,—soon wak'd,—soon lull'd to rest;
A meteor light that shoots along the sky,
A spark of heav'nly flame,—just lit to shine and die.

Yet Love!—within this wilderness of care,
Where beats the heart, that hath not felt thy sting?
Of all the fleeting joys that mortals share,
Thou art the first, the best worth treasuring!
What marvel, then, fair Zelia felt that pow'r
Which all *must* feel in some revolving hour?
She who all threats disdain'd, all fears defied,
By gentle usage lov'd, and was a Pirate's bride!

VIII.

Oh! who hath felt of life the weariness
Which rises in the heart that's left alone?
Oh! who hath felt the soul's sad dreariness,
When round we look but cannot find a home?
No heart that beats responsive to our own;
No breast to sooth our griefs with pious care,
And all our hours of joy and bliss to share;
No one to light the ev'ning of our day,
To cheer life's wasting lamp, and view its parting ray?

'Twas thus the Pirate us'd to think, and sigh,
And dash with hasty hand the dew away,
Which, like a trembling drop of ocean's spray,
Would sometimes steal unbidden to his eye.
But if a comrade chanc'd to linger nigh,
His arched brows unbended to a smile,
And soon he would that softer mood beguile;
For Bertram could not bear the thought, I ween,
That in his haughty eye, a tear-drop should be seen.

IX.

The weariness of life is past and o'er,
Since the young captive to his cavern came;
Loud shouts of mirth resound along the shore,
The desert isle no longer is the same;
Joy waves his purple wings in ev'ry grove,
And where the robber frown'd, now smiles the God of Love.

X.

Proudly the vessel rides the ocean,
And she will sail at ev'ning's tide;
The Pirate band are all in motion,
Their arms and carbines to provide.
The gun has fir'd.——" Can he forget
Th' appointed sign?——he comes not yet!"
" He was not wont to be the last,
" 'Tis the fair captive holds him fast."
" Oh she"—" Be silent, he appears,
" He stay'd to dry the lady's tears."——
His comrades spoke in scorn, but he
Or saw it not, or would not see.
But why does Bertram muse, and why
Lurks care within his piercing eye?
Where are his thoughts?—amidst his crew?—
No;—all his soul to Zelia flew;———
He deem'd she hasten'd him away,
Nay, seem'd uneasy at his stay,

And long before the signal fir'd,
Had from his fond embrace retir'd!
" So soon is Zelia's love grown cold?—
" But woman's heart, how strange the mould!"

XI.

Fire flash'd in Bertram's moody eye,
Like lightning through the midnight sky;
That eye, which late so dull had seem'd
Now like a rising morning beam'd.
A Turkish galley drawing near,
For instant fight the foe prepar'd;
There was no heart which beat with fear,
For all their leader's spirit shar'd!—
Save one, perchance.—

XII.

Weary and spent, and faint and dying,
Upon the deck the Turks are lying;
Yet blood from Bertram's side is streaming,
Tho' ardour in his eye is beaming.

What unknown hand hath turn'd the blow,
With quickness on the crafty foe?
What graceful form, amidst the strife,
Has rescu'd Bertram's ebbing life?

XIII.

Of stature tall, and gentle mien,
In splendid garb a youth was seen.
The fire of hope shone in his eye,
Care had not taught his breast to sigh;
And disappointment had not chill'd
The warmth with which that breast was fill'd.
His voice in gentle accents broke,
With female softness as he spoke;
His forehead high, his eyebrows fair,
And closely curl'd his golden hair:
" Thanks, gallant youth! sure I should know
That graceful form, that marble brow;
It rushes on my wilder'd mind,—
Like form of one we left behind

In yon lone isle—I do but rave—
Whoe'er thou art, thy soul is brave,
And well thy courage I'll repay
On some more calm and peaceful day!"

XIV.

Within his faithful arms reclining,
Fall'n Bertram wildly gaz'd around;
On the youth's cheek a tear was shining,
It fell upon his burning wound.
That drop was pure as Heav'n's own dew;
'Twas such as Bertram seldom knew.
"Oh! gentle youth, if to yon isle,
Fate should permit thy safe returning,
Tell Zelia not to mar the smile
Upon her cheek, by vainly mourning;
Tell her I died by fate's decree,
And bid thy comrades set her free!"

He heard the shout of victory,
  And rais'd his feeble head;
He tried to join the well-known cry,
He tried to wave his arm on high,
  But, ah! his spirit fled!
Oh! had he fought in Freedom's cause,
Defending liberties and laws;
Oh! had he died his Country's friend,
How glorious had been Bertram's end!

XV.

The youth stood gazing in despair,
Pale and dejected was his air.
He turn'd, but, ah! his trembling feet
  Can scarce his fainting form sustain,
And reason now hath left her seat,
  Senseless he falls into the main,
And sinks beneath the whelming flood,
Yet tinted with his comrades' blood.
A daring Pirate instant sprung
Amid the waves,—tho' round him sung

The hostile weapons in the air;—
For much that Algerine could dare;
Now, now he's lost beneath the surge,
He rises now,—again to urge
Amid the wat'ry strife his way—
Furious he dashes through the spray,
And gains the bark; his right hand bears
The senseless object of his cares,
But all too late; with grief they raise
The senseless form, and mutely gaze:—
That youthful form, which sunk beneath the tide;
They see—they know—'tis Zelia, Bertram's bride.

XVI.

In the rocky isle,
Rais'd by rude hands, a monument is seen;
When spring doth smile,
Soft virgins deck the stone with freshest green:
And oft at eve the Pirate band repair
To view the tomb, and chaunt a requiem there.

The Dirge.

XVII.

" O'er thy pillow night winds blowing,
With the billow still shall sigh ;
Hoarse the swell of ocean flowing,
Wakes stern Echo murm'ring nigh.
When we drain the festive bowl,
Or divide the well-earn'd prize,
Ev'ry grateful comrade's soul
Still shall think where Bertram lies.
When they view thy rugged grave,
Tears from softer eyes may start,
But the sorrows of the brave
Only flow within the heart.
There, in strong remembrance set,
Gallant Chief, thou long shalt dwell!
Ne'er shall Pirate bands forget
How their valiant leader fell!

Clos'd are Zelia's beaming eyes,
  Virgins drop the tender tear;
Low the bride of Bertram lies,
  Strew with flow'rs her early bier.
Long shall Pirate records tell,
How Zelia lov'd—how Bertram fell!"

Rest, faithful pair! around your tombs
The cypress waves, the myrtle blooms.

SONGS.

ZELIE,

A BALLAD.

I.

Sweet May was return'd, and the blossoms were springing,
And the gay flowrets round fill'd the air with perfume;
From bush and from brake the soft warblers were singing,
To welcome the season which bids nature bloom!

II.

The light-hearted Shepherds gay garlands were wreathing,
To deck the fair maids when they danc'd on the green;

Or down in the valley love ditties were breathing,
For love and soft harmony smil'd on the scene.

III.

Ev'ry bosom beat high—all with pleasure were glowing,
Each face wore a smile, and they dream'd not of pain;
Save from Zelie's bright eyes, where the tear-drops were flowing,
And she fled from the sports on the green-mantled plain.

IV.

The youth whom her heart priz'd so fondly, so dearly,
Had quitted the village and flown from her arms;
Ah! why did she love one so true and sincerely
Who was false to his vows, and neglected her charms?

V.

Gay summer is past, and the autumn is closing,
Cold winter will wrap Nature's beauties in shade;
But colder the tomb where fair Zelie's reposing,
And more callous his bosom who slighted the maid!

VI.

As the pale lily bends when the tempest is falling,
And droops its meek head, overcome by the blast;
So Zelie expir'd, on her false lover calling,
For his was the name her cold lips murmur'd last.

VII.

Once more will return the soft season of gladness,
The youths and the maidens will meet on the plain;
But the light note of joy will be chang'd into sadness,
For the pride of the hamlet will bloom not again!

VIII.

Yet oft round her tomb shall soft music be stealing
When the shepherds at ev'ning repair to the grove,
While the maids of the village, her story revealing,
Strew flowers on the grave of the victim of Love!

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

SEND round the wine, and let's be gay,
This night we give to pleasure's reign;—
Far hence we banish care's rude sway,
These joys may ne'er be our's again;
Spirit of song! Anacreon! rise,
Diffuse thy influence o'er the bowl;
Bid pleasure beam in sorrow's eyes,
And mirth burn bright in ev'ry soul.

And give to me, oh! bard divine,
One laurel for thy temples wreath'd;
Oh! let me catch that playful rhyme,
Which thy immortal spirit breath'd!

For wealth and pow'r I do not ask,
No! I despise such earthly things;
But grant to me the daring task,
To touch thy lyre's harmonious strings!

Yet I'll not tune for B——— thy lyre,
A Poet's praise *he* would disdain:—
But *Woman* shall the verse inspire,
She was thine own——thy favor'd strain!
Sweeter I trust the charms to sing,
Of her who to his soul is dear;
Than all the praise the Muse could bring,
To pour into a *manly* ear.

Sweet Fanny! though unknown to thee
The bard who thus his homage pays,
His soul's as glowing and as free,
As his who celebrates thy praise;
And oh! believe his fair one's charms
As brightly to his fancy shine,
Her eyes create as soft alarms,
As those which B——— has felt from thine.

But ah ! like him, he is not blest,
For Rosa hears with cold disdain
The tender pleadings of his breast,
And lets her captive sigh in vain.
Oh ! envied B——— still constant prove,
For thou indeed art truly blest ;—
There is no joy—like Woman's love,
No earthly throne, like Woman's breast !

SONG.

IMITATION OF MOORE.

I.

Strike the harp—and sing the praise,
Of the maid, who's gone for ever;
Tell of brighter, happier days,—
Will they return? ah! never, never!—

II.

Mournful now that strain resounds,
Thro' the bower her fair hands planted;—
Hush'd are now those silv'ry sounds
Which ev'ry feeling heart enchanted!

III.

Roses round this bow'r once grew—
  Now alas! they all have faded;—
They have lost their blooming hue,
  Like the lovely form they shaded!

IV.

Tho' the balmy breath of spring
  Will return with wonted fleetness;
Yet alas! it ne'er can bring
  To that rose its former sweetness!

V.

Few the years on earth she stay'd,
  Short the glimpse which we were giv'n:
She just appear'd to bless this shade,
  Then vanish'd to her native heav'n!

SERENADE.

THE moon shines bright on yonder tower,
Oh! lady, wake, and fly with me;—
Now all are lock'd in sleep's soft pow'r,
Oh! haste my happy bride to be!

No sound disturbs night's gentle reign—
No murmur breaks upon the ear;—
All, all is still on yonder plain—
And none but love and Henry's near!

Thy father's eyes are sunk to rest—
So are his churlish vassals all;—
And wrapt in sleep lies ev'ry guest,
Then listen to thy Lover's call!

My steeds are waiting in the brake,
  Then haste, my fair one, come away ;—
Quickly descend ere any wake—
  And thou regret this ling'ring stay !

Haste ! for the moments fleetly glide,
  And gray-ey'd morning soon will break—
Oh ! fly and be my happy bride—
  Awake ! my fair one, list ! awake !

SONG.

I saw thy bosom heave a sigh
When last I met thee, dearest;
I saw the tear-drop in thine eye,
Tho' it then shone the clearest;
And well I deem'd that artless tear
Was shed for one thou lov'd too dear!

I saw thy rosy cheek so soft,
Blushing when first I met thee;
That though, alas! I've tried it oft,
My soul could ne'er forget thee;
Why am I doom'd to think on thee
When thou wilt never think on *me?*

I saw thy lips of roseate hue,
Grow pale when he departed;
And in that eye of heav'nly blue,
I saw the tear had started;
Why weep when forc'd to bid adieu,
To one whose love had ne'er been true?

I see thy bright eyes' lucid tide,
  Though from my gaze retreating;
Striving in vain the joy to hide
  Which in thy breast is beating;
'Tis joy to me if thou art blest,
Though it must rob this heart of rest!

SONG.

Oh! yes, I swear to love thee true,
This heart can own no other's sway;
Thine image still I'll keep in view,
From thee my thoughts can never stray!

Then, gentle lady, trust my love,
From one so fair, I ne'er can sever;
Oh! try me, Emma, when I prove
Unworthy—cast me off for ever!

SONG.

Oh! Rosa, though my heart is breaking,
Yet when I view thy matchless charms;—
Each pulse of life and love is waking,
I lose my woes in pleasure's arms!

But when the hour of bliss is over,
When pleasure's soft illusions cease;
Oh! Rosa, then thy wretched lover
Finds nought to sooth his soul to peace.

Then, Rosa, smile, subdue my sorrow,
Oh! steal me from myself away;—
By dreaming of a happy morrow,
Let me forget I live to day!

SONG.

It is not when tear-drops bedew the bright eye,
And the breast seems o'erladen with woe;
That the feeling and truth of a soul we descry,
Or the pure source of sorrow can know:
For tears may be feign'd (as too often they are)
And taught from the eyelids to start;
Whilst feeling and warmth from the soul may be far,
And sorrow may ne'er touch the heart!

Believe me, the bosom as deeply receives
The impressions which sorrow awakes;—
And the heart, without shedding a tear, truly grieves,
Though no passion an outward show makes;—

When the tear-drop is o'er, its cause is forgot,
(It was taught from the eyelid to start;)
But the bright gem of pity, for misery's lot,
Is silently wept in the *heart!*

ANACREONTIC SONG.

WHAT's the use to sigh and pine
  Or give way to sorrow?—
To-night let's drink the sparkling wine,
  We'll think of care to-morrow.
Care will come and joy will cease,
Love will rob our hearts of peace;
Lira, lira la, lira, lira, la—
Care will come to-morrow.

Come our glasses let us fill,
  Join in merry chorus—
Age will come our joys to chill—
  Then snatch the bliss before us.
Now we'll only think of joy—
Care may soon our bliss destroy;—
Lira, lira la, lira, lira, la—
Care will come to-morrow!

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony — the doubt.

SONG.

Oh! Rosa, when I view thy charms,
My heart with fondest rapture glows;—
Yet still I feel those soft alarms,
Which ev'ry real lover knows:—
In vain I try
To check the sigh—
And bid gay hope bloom in my breast;
Some rival near
Awakes my fear,
And robs my tortur'd heart of rest!

Oh! Rosa, do not slight my love,
Or treat my vows with cold disdain:—
Oh! let me not the anguish prove,
Of those who love—yet plead in vain;

Bid hope still rest
Within my breast,
Or say your heart you cannot give,
To die were bliss
Compar'd to this—
Always in sad suspense to live!

SONG.

The sailor slumb'ring on the stormy deep,
Dreams of the blissful home he left behind!
And torturing mem'ry often wakes to weep
O'er pleasures past—still ling'ring on the mind.

The soldier 'midst the din of battle's roar,
Feels nature's softness clinging round his breast;
And thinks on those whom he shall view no more,
Ere yet he sinks 'mid victory to rest.

So, Rosa, when I gaze upon thy charms,
Each pulse of active life forgets to move;
I long to quit the busy world's alarms—
Forget all else, and lose myself in love!

SONG.

Joy once whisper'd to my breast,
She would be its constant guest;
Told my idle wand'ring heart,
She would never from it part.
Ah! she is a base deceiver;
Youths and maidens, ne'er believe her.

Long my bosom tasted peace,
Joy I thought would never cease;
Love then came, deceitful thing,
Hid beneath a rose's sting;
Youths and maids, of Love beware,
His very smile conceals a care.

Hope, thou flatt'ring syren, leave me,
Prithee go—no more deceive me,

For thou art in league with joy:
Both will whisper bliss and pleasure,
But their softest, sweetest measure,
Sooths but to destroy.
Youths and maids, of Love beware,
No joy, no hope but brings some care!

FITZALLAN,

A BALLAD.

The ev'ning breezes softly blow—
And over the water Fitzallan must go;—
Then haste thee, Fitzallan, hie thee away,
On yonder shore thy true love doth stay!

Fitzallan row'd with all his might,
And soon the lone island was in sight;
Swift flies the boat o'er the bounding main,
And soon the shore the lover will gain!

Oh! stay thy boat—Fitzallan, oh! stop;
Moor not thy bark in the inland rock;
For thy lady-love ne'er again shall view
Thy form which she us'd to love so true!

A Father's rude hand in evil hour,
Has crush'd the pale lily in her bower ;
No more shall she watch the ev'ning star,
That was wont to guide thee from afar.

To-morrow heav'n's blue vault shall shine,
As clear and bright as a diamond mine ;
But dim is that star, which so sweetly shone,
Her lustre, alas ! is for ever gone.

To-morrow the rose its perfume shall shed,
Around the spot where she rests her head ;
But the living rose which so sweetly did bloom
Now sleeps in the cold and dreary tomb.

But still she shall flourish so fresh and so gay,
When the rose which now blossoms shall wither
away ;
And Fitzallan be join'd to his newly made bride,
Where a Father's authority ne'er can divide !

1809.

SONG.

'Tis sweet to steal where roses blow,
And taste the fragrance breath'd around;
'Tis sweet to see the lilies grow,
And watch them springing from the ground.

But sweeter far, to view the rose
Whose blushes on my Rosa rest;
And watch the lily's calm repose,
In the dear haven of her breast!

SONG.

No! I can ne'er forget the smile,
Th' endearing smile which first you gave me
And was it, Em[illegible], but a wile
By passion us'd, just to enslave me?
Oh! no!—I'll not believe it ever.
Thy smile deceive?—ah! never, never.

No, I can ne'er forget the eye,
Whose beamy glance with rapture fir'd me
No! I can ne'er forget the sigh,
Whose fatal warmth with love inspir'd me;—
Perish th' unworthy thought for ever,
That these betray—oh! never, never!

No! I can ne'er forget the vow
That you would love me truly, dearly;
Nor shall my faithful heart allow,
That you could swear—and not sincerely;
Hence—hence such idle thoughts, nor ever
Intrude again—begone for ever!—

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 154, line 225, *for* For *read* Yet.
——— —— 230 — hand *read* arm.

A little church in a dangerous go
Drink down a Castle not of the Clos Vouge

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